FOR SALE

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Situated in the best part of the progressive town of Moncton, including the good-will of the business.



Terms made to suit the purchaser.
Apply at once to

HENRY G. MARR
163 Union Street.

THE WEAPONS OF MYSTERY

BY JOSEPH HOCKING.

Author of "All Men are Liars," "Fields of Fair Renown," etc., etc.

(Continued)

I immediately left the room and soon afterward returned with a book by a renowned thought-reader, wherein he explained what, to many, has appeared marvellous. I pointed out how, according to his system, by asking a question, the first word of which should begin with a certain letter, a particular thing should be indicated, and all that would be needed was that the performers should be perfectly conversant with the system.

The company quickly saw the truth of what I was saying, and for the time, at any rate, Mr. Voltaire's marvellous knowledge was held at a discount.

"But does Mr. Blake mean to insinuate that Mr. Kaffar and myself have learned such a code as this?" said Voltaire at length.

"I insinuate nothing," I replied. "I am simply showing how your performance can be done by those possessing no knowledge of the occult sciences."

"But does Mr. Blake decline to believe that we knew nothing of the mysterious —that we have not dived into subjects of which the ordinary man can know nothing?" said Kaffar.

"Pardon me," I replied, "but I decline to answer. I have not volunteered my opinion either as to Mr. Volytaire's story or your performance. I was asked my opinion, and I gave it."

I watched Mr. Voltaire's face as I spoke. He seemed to be pondering some matter in his mind, and appeared irresolute as to what action he should take. At length, a strange light shot from his eyes, and he raised his head and spoke.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, 'evidently Mr. Blake, with his hard English common-sense, has raised some amount of doubt in your minds as to the validity of my story, and of our performance. I am sure you will allow me to vindicate and prove any assertion I have made. If I have claimed a knowledge of the mysterious, I have not done so without reason."

"We believe that is true," said Miss Staggles; "we believe you are a wonderful man."

"Thank you," said Voltaire. "I am sure I have Miss Staggles' sympathies, but will some one assist me in what I am about to do? I will allow no possibility of a system in this, and consequently I shall be glad if any gentleman will help me in the manifestation of the hidden powers of the human mind. Perhaps"—turning, I thought eagerly to me—"Mr. Blake will be the one?"

"No," I said, "I prefer to be a spectator."

I could no longer mistake the hate that flashed from his eyes; but he said nothing, and waited quietly for a volunteer. No one was forthcoming. At length Tom Temple said—

"Would one of the servants do, Voltaire?"

"I would rather have a visitor," said Voltaire, "and for two reasons; first, you could not then have any reason for suspecting a collusion; and, second, the ordinary English servat is extremely unsusceptible to the play of higher powers. If, however, none of you will volunteer, I can see no other alternative."

Accordingly, a man about my own age was brought in, and introduced as Simon Slowden. I saw that he was no ordinary character as soon as he entered, and was by no means one who could be easily imposed upon. I afterwards found that Simon had spent his boyhood in London, had when a youth joined a travelling circus, and tramped the country a few years. He had also travelled with several "shows," two or three travelling theatres, and had finally settled down with a lame leg at Temple Hall, where he made himself generally useful.

His dialect was a mixture of the Cockney and a dozen others equally bad, until it was almost impossible to tell from that source the part of the country from which he hailed. He was, however, a good-hearted fellow, and for a wonder, considering his history, as honest as the day.

"Now, Simon," said Tom Temple, "this gentleman is a scientist and wants to any one to assist him, so I thought I'd ask ay one to assist him, so I thought I'd ask you."

"Well," said Simon, "I don't know as I think much on these science gents. They're allays a-bringin' in some new-fangled thing or other, but generally there's nowt in 'em. Still, to 'blige the company I'll do owt raisonable. I'm tough has a crocodile's tonge, and can stand a goodish bit o' jingo and nonsense. Here goes, yer honour."

Voltaire eyed him doubtfully, and Simon coolly returned the stare.

"You are not a-gwine to waccinate me, be 'ee?" said Simon at length.

"No—why?"

"'Cause I can't stand that, tough as I be. I lived wi' a doctor once, and says he to me, 'Simon, I want to speriment on ye,' says he. 'I'm tough 'nough,' says I. 'I want to waccinate you 'gainst cholera, hoopin' cough, and smallpox,' says he. 'What's that? give 'em to me?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'but to prevent you from a hevin' 'em.' 'That's yer sort,' says I. Well, gentlemen, he waccinated me, and I said to un, 'Never no more, yer honour.'"

"Why?" asked I.

"'Cause I'd rather hev cholera, hoopin' cough, and smallpox all together than be waccinated. Jes like women, you never know where they'll break out."

"Will you kindly sit down," said Voltaire, "while I go to my room for a book?"

While he was gone I went to Simon, and spoke to him, and that gentleman got very communicative.

"I'm not overmich in love wi' that chap," he says; "and sure's I'm a right-down Cockney, he hates you like pizen. Give 'im a wide berth, yer honor, and doan't hev nothin' to do wi' 'im."

"Oh," I replied, "he cant hurt me."

"Don't know, yer honor. You and he's got your peepers fixed in the same place, and scuse me; but if you give 'im a chance, he'll beat yer. He'd charm a serpiant vit thews peepers o' hisn."

"Aren't you afraid yourself, then?"

"He can't hurt me, for I'm too tough, and I'm noan sighin' for anybody, I ain't; and I ain't a got a good-lookin jib, and—"

But here Voltaire entered the room and spoke to Tom Temple.

"Simon," said Tom a second after, "what color are the chestnut mare's eyes?"

Simon heaved himself, struggled, looked vacant, and said dreamily. "They're loike women, and—waccination, you—you ——" But a film came over his eyes, and he was unconscious.

Again there was deathly silence in the room, and all eyes were turned towards Voltaire, who had walked close to Simon Slowden.

"The man is not very susceptible," said Voltaire, 'consequently I cannot do so much with him as I should had he been more highly organized; but I can at least convince sceptics. Yoy will see," he went on, "that I have not touched him, and yet he is no longer conscious. I will now ask him any question, concerning either the dead or the living, that you may be inclined to ask."

"I will ask a test question," said Gertrude Forrest. "What are the servants doing at this time?"

"The cook's examin' a goose," was the reply, "and the housemaid's talking wi' a chap as is just come from t' village."

He went on telling what the rest were doing; but Tom Temple immediately sent to the kitchen, and found that things were as was described.

"Where's Dr. Sharp?" said Mrs. Temple, adding that they could find out the doctor's present whereabouts the next day.

"He's comin' up here with his long-nosed pointer," was the reply, "and 'll be 'ere in a jiffy."

Five minutes after, Dr. Sharp came into the room. "I did not know I could come until half-an-hour ago," he said as he entered, and then stared as he saw how matters stood.

"Will you tell me," said Miss Forrest, "what my aunt is doing just now?"

She mentioned no name, and I do not know how the man sitting in the chair could know anything about her.

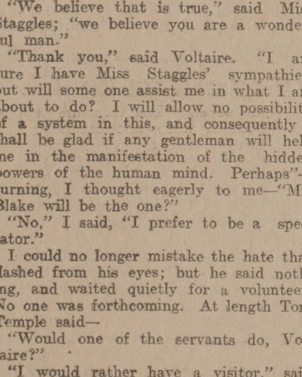
"She is jest gwine to bed," he said; "she's a bit ov a cold in 'er chest, and housekeeper is gwine to take some warmin' stuff to her."

"I'll know if this is true tomorrow," said Miss Forrest, and then relapsed into silence.

Meanwhile question after question was asked and answered, while Voltaire and Kaffar stood side by side, each with a terrible glitter in his eyes.

(To Be Continued)

John Burns stated in the British house that 27,717 motor-cars are licensed in London and 16,214 in Germany.



Fashion Hint for Times Readers



A NAPOLEON HAT IS JAUNTY.

A real cocked hat will delight the heart of the small girl—especially if the hat is of soft gray squirrel fur, dearly beloved by little folks. These Napoleon bonnets are trimmed very simply with heavy cord loops and white cockades of pompons. Such hats are worn by either the little girl or her small brother, and, for girls especially, the jaunty military styles are liked just now. The smartly cut coat of dark velvet is trimmed in simple good taste, with broad bands of silk braid.

HOW THE GRAFTERS WERE TRAPPED IN PITTSBURG

Detective Gives Sensational Evidence Showing How Easily He Bribed Council Members—Some Could be "Fixed" for $5.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 23—The seven city councilmen and two bankers arrested here Monday night charged with conspiracy, corrupt solicitation and bribery, were given a hearing today before a police magistrate. Upon the introduction of startling testimony, which implicated other councilmen at present unknown, all the defendants were held for trial.

According to the testimony a majority of the council of Pittsburg could be bribed by the payment of sums ranging from $100 to $5 and it was also testified that recently sixty councilmen divided $45,000 corruptly offered in connection with the filtration plant.

W. W. Ramsay and A. A. Vilsack, former president and cashier of the German National Bank, were first placed on trial. It was testified that they were approached by Councilman John Klein, one of the accused, who said that the bank would be made a depository for the city's funds in the event "the German National Bank would do as other banks have done." After several talks, the bankers placed $17,500 on a table in a room in the bank. Councilman Klein and a companion entered a room and a short time later left the bank. The bankers then visited the room and the money was gone.

At the request of the directors of the bank both men resigned last Saturday. They were held for trial in the sum of $14,000 bail each.

The seven councilmen, President Brand and members Klein, Soffell, Wasson, Mcllaney and Ferguson, of common council, and Atkinson of selectmen, were then called for trial.

The principal witness was Robert Wilson, a private detective, and superintendent of the Municipal League of Scranton (Pa.), who is employed by the Voters' League of Pittsburg, which brings the prosecution against the nine defendants.

Mr. Wilson's testimony was highly sensational. Aided by an assistant Mr. Wilson engaged a room in a local hotel and then cut holes in the doors and walls of an adjoining room. Then a series of meeting were arranged with councilmen. His assistant, Herbert Jones, posed as a business man desiring certain ordinances passed and during Jones' talk with the councilman, Wilson and a stenographer were in the next room taking a full record of the transactions.

While the conferences were going on, Councilman Klein had a great deal to say about how completely councils were controlled by the accused men, the detective said. He also testified that Klein and Dranderach accepted $500 from Jones, in paying for securing the passage of an ordinance.

At a meeting held in another local hotel Klein, it was testified, told Wilson how hard it was to divide money among the councilmen. To illustrate his remarks Klein described how $45,000 had to be split between sixty councilmen. This money was received in connection with the construction of filter beds at the new filtration plant of Pittsburg, the witness said.

Councilman Klein, Wilson testified, said that the councilmen had different prices. Some councilmen, Klein told him, wanted $100, some $75, some $25 and some $5. According to Klein, Wilson related, the $5 councilmen were known as "hoodlums." It was even possible to obtain some councilmanic votes on some measures in return for a suit of clothes or for street car tickets.

With the exception of Klein and Wasson, the defendants immediately renewed their bonds for appearance for court trial and were released. In the aggregate the bond amounted to $118,000.

Klein and Wasson, each accompanied by a detective, left the magistrate's office at the close of their hearing to look for bondsmen. They succeeded several hours later, each providing $30,000 bonds with friends as sureties.

According to the testimony of Wilson today, Klein said among other things:

"You know I get the puddings and melons and get them ready for the cutting. You know Wasson looks like a fellow that is hard to reach, but he is not. He was elected as the reformer, then he came over to our side of the ship. He was tried and tested and when he was found to be all right we took him in on the good things. Now he will take the money as fast as the rest of us. He thinks he is cheated once in a while and we have trouble with him, but when he finds he has had an equal share of the spoils, he is satisfied.

"Now, there is Hugh Ferguson. He looks all right, but he will take the money, too, and Jacob Loffel and Wasson do our floor work. So you can see what a combination we have."

GOOD HOME MADE KIDNEY RECIPE

Directions to Make a Fine Mixture Which Relieves Kidney or Bladder Trouble and Said to Overcome Rheumatism.

You haven't Catarrh of the Stomach, or Nervousness, or Gastritis, or Cancer, etc. Prove this by taking Pape's Diapepsin after your very next meal. Convince yourself within five minutes that your actual disease was sour, acid Stomach—Food fermentation—that every bite you ate turned to Stomach gas, Stomach poison and Acid, which makes you feel sick and miserable, producing such symptoms as pain in the pit of the stomach, Difficulty in breathing after a meal, Headaches, Belching, Heartburn, Nauseous breath, Water brash, Biliousness, Sour risings, Gas on Stomach and many other bad feelings.

Indigestion is a result, not a cause, of your misery. If the Stomach is sour, your food becomes tainted, and that's why your have these stomach disorders.

Ask your pharmacist to show you a case of Pape's Diapepsin, which costs only 50 cents. Read what this effective Stomach and digestive treatment contains, and how absolutely harmless it must be; how it does for the Stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn; absolutely removes every corrupting or tainting element, and will digest all the food you can eat.

Go to your druggist and get some Diapepsin now, then eat anything you want at your next meal, and you will not suffer from Indigestion or Stomach trouble. Each bite of food will taste good, and, besides, you will not need liver regulators to keep your intestines and Stomach clean and fresh.

Now and forever rid yourself of the misery of Indigestion and Stomach trouble. Make your meals a pleasure by going to the table with a healthy appetite.

The primitive operations employed in China and Japan are in marked contrast with the cleanly machine method of preparing tea in Ceylon. The purity and cleanliness of "Salada" is absolute. Its delicious flavor will please you. 101

BOARD OF TRADE TO LOOK FOR ENGINEER

The board of trade council have appointed a committee to make inquiry for a suitable man to take the position of city engineer. The committee consists of W. E. Foster, president of the board; W. F. Burditt, G. E. Barbour, J. N. Harvey and R. T. Hayes.

Ald. Kelley, chairman of the reorganization comimttee, has been in communication with Professor C. H. McLeod, of Montreal, secretary of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, and received word yesterday from him that he was taking steps to put all members of the society in touch with the requirements of St. John for a city engineer.

An oblong plaque of the 16th century, part of the Amherst treasures, sold in London for $35,000.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days
E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

"The Nigger in the Wood-Pile"

Thousands of people go through life feeling more or less miserable without ever knowing the reason. They suffer from headaches, indigestion, pains in the back, and at the slightest chill get rheumatism or neuralgia.

They try to cure these separate outbreaks, never suspecting that the root of the whole trouble is the failure of the bowels to move regularly, and in many cases the sluggish action of kidneys and skin. The result, of course, is that the whole system gets clogged with impurities, which soon turn to poison, and show their presence in various ways.

"Fruit-a-tives"—or fruit juice tablets—promptly stir up the sluggish liver, regulate the bowels, and stimulate the kidneys and skin to do their work properly. Thus they cure all these troubles by removing the cause, and make it possible to really enjoy life. 50c. a box—6 boxes for $2.50. Trial size 25c. Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

ROOTING OUT DENS OF VICE

Thirty-Six Women Sent for Six Months to Ontario Reformatory.

(Toronto News.)

Eight convictions for selling liquor without a license, fines totaling	$750 00
Seven convictions for keeping disorderly houses, fines totaling ..	310 00
Twenty-nine convictions of inmates of disorderly houses, fines totaling	550 00
Three convictions of frequenters of disorderly houses, fines totaling	40 00
Total fines collected	$1,650 00

Thirty-six women committed to the Mercer Reformatory for six months each as keepers and inmates of disorderly houses.

Such is one day's record of the 'clean up" in Kenora, Vermillion and Jaffry townships organized by the provincial secretary and carried out through the license department. Complaints from other northern centres have reached the department and are being fully investigated. It is the determination of the government to sternly stamp out all outlawry attempted in the mining and unorganized districts.

The round-up was in the hands of Eudo Saunders, chief of the license department, to whom authority was delegated to deal firmly and fully with certain serious complaints received through clergymen and other responsible citizens of the districts. Provincial Officer Geo. E. Morrison with a staff of men was sent to the scene to conduct an investigation on the spot. Upon his report Mr. Saunders directed prompt criminal proceedings. The accused appeared before Magistrate W. W. O'Brient at Kenora and the Crown secured convictions in all its cases.

Inspector Morrison has been detained in the north to conduct other investigations on behalf of the department.

RECORD GIFT OF THE SEASON

Former Telephone Girl Presented With $4,000,000

San Francisco, Dec 22—The record Christmas gift of the season was made when David T. Hanbury turned over to his wife property valued at $4,000,000. Although Mrs. Hanbury assumes legal possession of the vast holdings, she will not exercise absolute control until after the death of her husband. Every effort was made to keep the transaction secret, but the facts became public. The Hanburys figured prominently last spring in connection with a divorce suit, but just as the climax had been reached, after days of bitter charges and recriminations they forgave and forgot and decided to begin life again today. Mrs. Hanbury was at one time a telephone girl, and is now one of the wealthiest women in California.

KANGAROO TAILS ON THE CHRISTMAS MENU

New Delicacy for the Table in Leading New York Hotels and Restaurants.

New York, Dec. 23—To be in fashion this Christmas it will be necessary to order kangaroo at a hotel dinner. Two hundred of these animals have been imported by a large game dealer of the city and they are to appear on the menus of the leading hotels and restaurants on Christmas day and New Year's eve.

"We have them in every size," said the dealer last night; "from 2 to 10 pounds, and expect to receive another consignment. The tail is the greatest delicacy, but every cut of a kangaroo is good eating. They taste much like a small cub bear."

THE SALE OF POISONS

Speaking last night of the sale of carbolic acid and other poisons, Coroner Berryman said that he had no doubt there would be a movement to curtail it as much as possible. The vending of poisons was governed by the pharmaceutical act passed by the local government and he believed that this would be amended as a result of the frequent cases of suicide in this city.

Under the act it was required that each druggist should keep a book in which he should enter all sales of poisons. These particulars must include not only the names of the purchasers, but also the uses for which the poison was obtained. It was very evident, the coroner said, that something ought to be done to stop the too free sale of dangerous poisons and he believed that if proper representations were made the law would be amended in that direction.

DOING WELL IN NEW YORK

The many friends of John F. Melliday, formerly of St. John, son of Francis Melliday, will be much pleased to hear of his success and rapid promotion in New York.

Several years ago he entered the employ of Charles Yung as bookkeeper and now, upon the incorporation of the business into the Charles Yung Company, he becomes a director and secretary-treasurer. On retiring from the office staff he was made the recipient of an address and silver loving cup by his fellow workers.

A sweeping deportation of violators of the contract labor laws has been ordered by the U. S. department of commerce and labor.

CHRISTMAS ....POETRY....

CHRITSMAS ECHOES

From "Childhood's Heart,"
By "Joe" Lowell.

Christmas eve!
Oh, hear the whispers and the murmurs light and low,
As the troupe of night-gowned youngsters gather round!
As they pin the empty stockings by the fireside in a row,
As they pause and hold their breath at every sound!
Then away to bed they canter, to the dreams they all believe.
To the dreams of dear old Santa—Christmas eve!

Christmas morn!
Oh, hear the babble as they tumble out of bed!
Hear the pat-a-pat of footsteps on the stair.
How the sweet excitement muddles each and every little head.
How they wave the bursting stockings in the air!
There are notes akin to sweetness in the sounding drum and horn,
For there's much of life completeness—Christmas morn!

Christmas noon!
Oh, hear the laughter, see the glow on every face.
As the old and young about the table throng!
Every voice is sweet as music, every move is made with grace,
As they pass the steaming festive dish along.
Is there ever deeper pleasure, is there ever fairer boon
Than the joy of Plenty's measure, Christmas noon!

Christmas night!
Hark, hear the lisping of the weary little lips,
As they bid their joys and treasures fond good-by;
Hear the mother's gentle kisses, as the boat to Nodland slips,
And the lashes slowly shut o'er every eye.
Christmas-tide has then departed with its glory and its light,
But it leaves us truer-hearted Christmas night!

DECORATING THE CHURCH

Grey old gardener, what do you bring,
Laurel and ivy, and bay,
With palms for the crowning of a King—
The morrow is Christmas Day.

Holly with thorns, and berries like blood
On its shiny greenness flung,
O, the pierced side, and the thorny crown,
And the cross whereon He hung.

The mistletoe, meaning All-healing,
Hangs close to the holly's thorn,
Lest we forget that on Christmas Day
The Healer of Souls was born.

Ivy's for faith; on the altar rail
Let it creep where all may see;
It crept till it kissed a cheek so pale
That night in Gethsemane.

Bay's for remembrance, full and sweet;
It speaks with its fragrant breath
Of manger, and cross, and a lowly tomb,
And a love that conquered death.

And laurel leaves for the wreath I bring,
The laurel for victory,
And palms for the crowning of a King—
The morrow is Christmas Day..
—Jean Blewett.

WRITE THEM TONIGHT

Dont' go to the theatre, lecture or ball,
But stay in your room tonight;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write.
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write."
Lest their brooding thoughts go brooding back
To many a by-gone night.
When they lost their needful sleep and rest
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more use
For their love and counsel wise,
For the heart grows strongly sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes.
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them quite,
That you deem it a pleasure, when far away,
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thought for you
That the old folks have today.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they looked for longed,
Be a day, or an hour, too late.

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks just turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one;
Write them a letter tonight!

DECEMBER

Thy locks are white, December,
And stream upon the wind,
But still thou'rt boist'rous merry,
Though youth is far behind!
Ho, ho! Thy huge voice, calling,
Bids care and sorrow flee,
And on the air is falling
The schoolboy's answering glee!

Thy time's near spent, December!
The holly berries red,
Enshrined in glossy greenness,
Circle thy hoary head.
Why, ho, ho! still is sounding
Thy laughter long and clear
Above the moldering embers
Of the fast declining year!

Thy face is seared, December,
With many a well won fight!
Eut still thy lips are smiling
And still thy cheeks are bright.
Ho, ho! thy voice is ringing,
Melodious with cheer,
As on the way thou goest
In the waning of the year!

Oh, so may I, December,
Bear on my rugged way,
With ne'er a sigh or murmur,
With a heart both brave and gay!
When snows of age are blowing,
May some such grace be mine,
Good will and gladness strowing
Along time's border line!

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Be gay and merry; what's the use of sadness?
Let bells of Christmas fill thy heart with gladness.
On other days thou may'st at will let fancy roam,
But with a sprig of holly bring the Christmas spirit home.
Then slam the door on care and gloomy sorrow,
And happiness and peace divine be thine tomorrow.
—Susan W. Clune in Boston Journal.

CHRISTMAS DUSK

Come, little boy, to mother's knee.
The Christmas twilight trembles down
With rose-tint for the wondrous tree
And rose-glow for the snow-clad town,
And all is marvelous—but you
Most marvelous of all to me,
For I may hold you as I do,
As Mary held Him on her knee.

And He was sweet, and He was fair,
As are all mothers' little boys;
His lips, His smile, His eyes, His hair,
To Mary were her chiefest joys.
And she would sing to Him, as I
Sing while the sun dies in the west;
I hear your weary, sleepy sigh
As Mary heard His on her breast.

And in the after years, I think,
When He was treading sorrow's way
And held the bitter cup to drink,
She brooded on the happy day
When He ran singing through the room
And found a hundred things to do—
To drive away all chance of gloom—
And was a little boy, like you.

So drop your toys, and let us sing
The songs that heart and home have blest,
For love is more than anything,
And life is work, and play, and rest,
And Mary's was the mother-heart,
A heart of love all fair and fine
That into tender throbs could start
For just a little boy, like mine.

Across the years I reach to her
And touch her white and empty hands,
Down all the ages seems to stir
A message that she understands,
The subtle rapture that I keep
Shrined in the very soul of me
When I may hold you here, asleep,
As Mary held Him on her knee.
—Wilbur D. Nesbitt, in Harper's Weekly.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

When a woman Christmas shopping goes
It's very seldom that she knows
Just what she wants or where it will be found.
Hence this speech so very maddening,
Disheartening and saddening;,
"I don't know what I want—I'll look around."
Into many a store we wandered,
Wife and I, and gravely pondered,
Over things that would have suited, I'll be bound
There were gifts in great profusion;
But she reached this sad conclusion:
"I don't see what I want—I'll look around."
"Here's a very lovely trinket,
But, dear, I hardly think it
Really suitable for Katy," then she frowned.
"No, I guess I will not take it,
For the dear child's apt to break it
It isn't what I want—I'll look around."
Do you wonder I am leary
Of these shopping tours, and weary
Do you wonder that my teeth I've madly ground?
When I thought she'd buy a present
She remarked in manner pleasant
"No, it isn't what I want—I'll look around."
—From the Detroit Free Press.

THE TWILIGHT WAY

(A. W., in the Daily Chronicle, London.)

["Thou art a God that hidest Thyself."]

God of the shadows, lead me through the gloaming,
Arch the long road with fretted valts of green,
Send but a gleam to tell me I am homing,
Let not Thy face be seen.

One at a time my shadowed steps are groping;
So let it be. I bless the tender care
That keeps my darkling spirit humbly hoping;
Thy light I could not bear.

Quench not the day, but wrap my path in twilight,
Nor wholly dark, nor wholly bright, I plead,
But gentle glimmers through the latticed skylight,
Are all the aid I need.

Fold well Thy cloak of gentlest pity round me,
Keep Thy bright secrets till the morning break,
Why should I seek Thee, Lord, when Thou has found me,
And know'st the way I take?

See that Thou touch my hand when shades are creeping,
And grant the little light I can obey,
I will grope on to where the dawn is peeping,
Into the twilight way.

ROVER'S VIEW OF THE CASE

Bobby sat on the kitchen steps,
Beside him sat old Rover;
And Bobby spoke of the coming year,
And talked the event all over.

"You see, old friend. 'Tis just this way,
(For thus Bob talked to Rover)
I've done so many naughty things
That I must turn a new leaf over.

I've pulled old Tabby's ears and tail;
And I've often teased you, Rover;
And I've worried cook clean out her wits;
So, I must turn a new leaf over.

"I've missed my lessons oft at school,
And, to be candid, Rover,
I didn't mind the teacher's wrath,
So, I must turn a new leaf over.

I've tied tin cans to poor dogs' tails—
Dogs as good as you are, Rover.
And how I laughed to see them run—
I must turn a new leaf over.

"I've fastened tick-tacks on the doors
Of old maids' houses!—Rover.
That was the meancst of my tricks,
So, I must turn a new leaf over.

Then for a moment Bobby ceased
To speak, and old dog Rover
Said, "Ah, my friend, you've more
Than one leaf to turn over."

THE ROSES

The white rose whispers pure love, true;
The red rose breathes of passion;
The pink rose tangles up the two
In most enticing fashion.

The pink rose once was white, 'tis said.
Content as God had formed it,
But almost wanted to be red
When love's first kiss had warmed it.
—J. Clarence Harvey, in Appleton's Magazine.

TROUBLES

Let the smile be cheery,
Let the heart be light;
Not all days are dreary
Day succeeds the night.

Blue skies bend above us,
There's a God to love us;
Troubles are to prove us;
All things will come right